

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. ORCHESTRAL POPULAR CONCERTS, EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY EVENINGS.

PROGRAMME FOR TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), JAN. 26.
MISCELLANEOUS NIGHT.

VOCALISTS.—Mdlle. Sinico (her third appearance at these concerts), Miss Leffler, Mdlle. Agliati, and Signor Filippi (his first appearance at these concerts).
Bassoon, Mr. Winterbottom; pianoforte, Signor Tito Matti.
PART THE FIRST.—Overture, "Le Pre aux Clercs" (Herold); valse, "The Needle-Gun" (Beethoven); brindsel, "Lucenia Borgia" (Donizetti)—Miss Leffler; aria, "Una voce," "Il Barbiere" (Rossini)—Mdlle. Agliati; fantasia on airs from *Norma*, pianoforte (Matti)—Signor Tito Matti; romanza, "M'appari," *Marta* (Flotow)—Signor Filippi; valse, "L'Estasie" (Arditi)—Mdlle. Sinico; new quadrille from Rossini's grand opera, *William Tell*, arranged expressly for these concerts by Signor Arditi—solos for flute, piccolo, clarinets, bassoons, horns, and trumpets, performed by MM. Pratten, Jansen, Lazarus, Tyler, Winterbottom, Waetzig, McGrath, Ward, and T. Harper.

PART THE SECOND.—Grand orchestral selection from Wagner's romantic opera, *Tannhauser*, arranged by Signor Arditi (first time this season); song, "Maggie's Secret" (Claribel)—Miss Leffler; balata, "La Donna e Mobile," *Rigoletto* (Verdi)—Signor Filippi; solo bassoon (Winterbottom)—Mr. Winterbottom; Scotch song, "Twins within a malle"—Mdlle. Sinico; fantasia en Forme d'Overture, "Jota Aragonesa" (Glinka).

Conductor - - - - - SIGNOR ARDITI.

Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight o'clock.

TANNHAUSER.

The GRAND SELECTION from WAGNER'S Opera, "TANNHAUSER," arranged by Signor ARDITI, will be given, for the first time this season, TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY).

PRICES.—Dress Circle, 5s.; Second Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Half-a-Guinea, One Guinea, and Two Guineas; Promenade, 1s.
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The Box-office of the Theatre (under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent) is open daily from Ten till Five.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE will recommence THIS DAY. Vocalists, Madame Sinico and Mdlle. Draculi; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Programme includes Symphony in B flat (Schumann); Pianoforte Concerto in G (Beethoven); Overtures "Zanetta" (Auber), and "In Memoriam" (Sullivan). Conductor, Mr. MAWES. Admission, Half-a-Crown.

NOTE.—Transferable Numbered Subscription Stalls for the new series, comprising not less than Twelve Concerts, now ready, price One Guinea.
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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE SUMMER SESSION will commence on the 1st of March next, and continue until July 26th, with a Vacation of Ten Days at Easter. Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution any Monday at Two o'clock P.M. Fee for each Session, £12.

WILLIAM STERDALE BENNETT, Principal.
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MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that her THIRD and LAST BALLAD CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, February 6th, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Full particulars of Messrs. GEORGE DOLBY & TOWNSEND, 230, Regent Street; and Messrs. BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street, W.

MISS EDWARDS'S SECOND PIANOFORTE and VOCAL RECITAL of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place the Third Week in February, at Baby House, 15, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. Full particulars to be had at Messrs. D. DAVISON'S, 244, Regent Street.

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PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

SECOND IRISH TOUR commences from Jan. 24th—Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Clonmel (in treaty for Dublin). All immediate letters can be addressed Post Office, Belfast, from Jan. 24th till Feb. 4th. (See above Advertisements.)

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LESSONS IN SINGING

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CHARLES LYALL, Tenor, 8, RATHBONE PLACE, W.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing at Miss Clinton Fynes' Concert, Beethoven Rooms, 30th Inst. Address to her residence, 2, Monmouth Road North, Baywater.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on "THE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Walworth, March 5th; Croydon, 14th.—2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. WALLACE), at Chatham, Feb. 19th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at the Russell Institute, Feb. 20th; and at every concert engagement during the ensuing season.

MADAME ELVIRA BEHRENS will sing OBERTHUR'S admired Song, with Harp Accompaniment, "JE VOUDRAIS ETRE," at Victoria Hall, Westbourne Grove, February 5th.

MR. PATEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed expressly for him by Mr. EMILE BANGER), at Bolton, Feb. 5th; and St. James's Hall, Feb. 27th.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing, during the ensuing month, on her Tour, the favourite Ballad, "THE RETURN OF THE LOVED ONE," and also at Mr. Gaskin's Grand Concert, in Dublin, Friday, Feb. 8th; and in Cork on the 11th inst.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing at Dublin, Feb. 8th; Cork, Feb. 11th and 12th; Limerick, 13th and 14th; Clonmel, 15th; and Waterford, 16th. For engagements *en route*, address MDLLE. FAVANTI, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.; or to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to her residence, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "MARY DEAR," at Myddelton Hall, February 1st.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Lynn (Norfolk), on Feb. 14th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Hull, Feb. 19th; and at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

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SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and **MADAME MARELLI-GARCIA** will sing at the Philharmonic Concerts, Edinburgh, Feb. 8th; Glasgow, Feb. 9th; and can accept engagements in the Provinces after those dates. They are also disengaged after eight o'clock every evening till the end of the present month. Address 41, George Street, Portman Square, W.

HERR REICHARDT will sing **GOLDBERG's** admired new song, "THE REPROACH," throughout his Provincial Tour, in January.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From a Contemporary).

The performances at this theatre three times a week, under the name of Orchestral Popular Concerts, have a great deal to recommend them. In the first place, the band of instrumentalists, among whom are found many of the most eminent players from the Royal Italian Opera, together with some of the ablest members of the orchestra which has of recent years done so much to uphold the musical reputation of Her Majesty's Theatre, is not only numerically strong, but, as may easily be credited, efficient in the highest sense. Next in importance to this, at the head of the orchestra is Signor Arditi, who, long acknowledged as one of the best conductors of operatic music, proved himself, in the winter of 1865, equally ready and expert as conductor of the symphonies and overtures of the great masters,—as ready, in fact, to enter fully into the purport and meaning of abstract instrumental music as of that other kind of music which has the aid of the human voice, dramatic action, and scenic accessories to render it acceptable. The two things indispensable, or, at any rate, vastly desirable—a fine orchestra and a competent conductor—thus secured, what remained was to select programmes likely to interest the public, and solo performers, vocal and instrumental, of proved and recognized ability to vary the attractions. These essential conditions, it must be admitted, have hitherto been satisfactorily fulfilled by the triumvirate of directors—Messrs Watson, Charles Harper, and Howell (all belonging to the orchestra which Mr. Gye is fortunate in possessing)—who act in the name of the commonwealth; for, we understand, the speculation is exclusively at the risk and for the benefit of the players themselves. Whether they will succeed is a matter of doubt. That they are doing their utmost to deserve and command success is unquestionable, and that they should prosper is to be wished, if only because at this time of year, while at Exeter Hall we have two great societies for the performance of sacred music, and quartets, sonatas, and every variety of chamber music week after week, in perfection, at the Monday Popular Concerts, there is no place where an orchestral symphony, or overture, an instrumental concerto, or a vocal "scene," with orchestral accompaniments, can be heard nearer London than the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Four concerts have already been given, three of them "miscellaneous," and one "classical." By preference we fix upon the one "classical" for the few remarks we have to offer, and this chiefly because the selection of music was without precedent at a Promenade Concert, the second part, instead of, as is customary, consisting of operatic selections, "popular" songs, showy instrumental solos, and dance music, being precisely of the same character as the first—by which the appellation, "classical," was faithfully carried out. Nor on the whole do we remember a programme more uniformly interesting, or in which the various pieces were so distributed as to contrast more agreeably one with another. The concert opened with Robert Schumann's *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, one of his ripest and happiest works, and which, with the addition of a slow movement, might have assumed the shape, if not of "grand," at least of a complete and very acceptable symphony. The addition of a slow movement, moreover, to separate the so-called "overture" from the *scherzo*, would have been advantageous if only because between these movements there is a certain affinity of character tending slightly to monotony. The execution of Schumann's by no means easy work was singularly effective, and the audience were so much pleased with the *scherzo* that they asked for it again. Signor Arditi too readily acceded to their demand, and by this means the *finale*—a movement in shaping which Schumann must have been haunted simultaneously by Handel's chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder" (*Messiah*), and one of the episodes in the *finale* of Beethoven's eighth symphony—was robbed of half its chance of appreciation. Nevertheless, the Schumann music was fairly successful, and well merits a second hearing. Neither at the Philharmonic concerts, nor at the concerts of the Musical Society of London, even at those of the Crystal Palace, where two of the most devoted and uncompromising "Schumannites" have a directing hand, was the *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, so well received as at Her Majesty's Theatre on the present occasion.

To Schumann (going backwards half a century) succeeded Mozart, whose unparagoned "Vedrai carino"—"simplex munditiis" as the headress of Pyrrha—was sung with a great deal of feeling and some apparent nervousness by Mdlle. Agliati, who has a sympathetic voice, and promises well. After Mozart (going forward half a century) came Mendelssohn, whose concerto for violin with orchestral accompaniments is found acceptable alike at classical and non-classical concerts. The solo-player was M. Sainton, who never more convincingly proclaimed himself one of the foremost living masters of an instrument upon which it is given but to a comparatively small number very greatly to excel. Playing more accurate, more vigorous, and brilliant, more imbued with the spirit of the music, could not have been desired. There is charm in the mere accent of this gentleman, to say nothing of his broad tone, fluent execution, and

thoroughly genuine style of phrasing, a style wholly devoid of mannerism, trick, and affected expression. These qualities rarely fail to impress, more particularly when employed in the interpretation of such music as that which Mendelssohn, a master of almost every instrument, has given to the violin in his own *concerto*—considered merely in the light of abstract music, perhaps the most effective ever written. The loudest applause followed each striking passage, and at the end of the *concerto* M. Sainton was unanimously called back to the orchestra. He might safely have repeated the *finale*, one of the most sparkling of the Mendelssohnian family of *scherzi*; but with his accustomed modesty he retired. It is but just to add that the orchestral accompaniments were admirably played. After Mendelssohn (backwards again—this time a century) came Handel, with the delicious bird song from *Il Pensieroso*, Mdlle. Liebhart giving the voice part with the taste and fluency of a thoroughly accomplished songstress, and Mr. R. S. Pratten imitating "Philomel," in the strains of Handel, with mellow tones and bird-like volubility. This was greatly to every one's taste, as the applause at the end, and the call for the performers, amply testified. From Handel we were led to Beethoven (forwards again, considerably more than half a century*), a very fine performance of whose gorgeous *Pastoral Symphony* from end to end brought the first part of the concert worthily to a close.

Part II. began with Professor Sterndale Bennett's third (published) concert-overture, *Die Waldnymphen* ("The Wood Nymphs"), about which on its first appearance at Leipzig (in 1839), Robert Schumann said so many pleasant things. In the opinion of that distinguished critic this overture was its composer's most individual work. "Und es scheint mir," says Schumann, at the end of a glowingly eulogistic sentence—"er habe vorher noch niemals sich so selbst gegeben als in diesem Werke." The *Wood Nymphs*, happily, is well-known (though not too well-known) in England, where it is unanimously held, in the estimation of connoisseurs, as at least the equal of that fascinating "water-piece" *Die Naiaden* ("The Naiades"), its immediate predecessor. Owing to the exceeding delicacy of its structure,† the *Wood Nymphs* is a difficult overture to play—almost as difficult as Mendelssohn's *Melusine*. The more creditable, then, to Signor Arditi and his orchestra the performance on the present occasion—on the whole the most well balanced, and in detail the most finished and delicate, we can call to mind, with the exception of a performance, some time ago, under Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace. Bennett's overture was followed by the incomparable love song of Handel's Polypheme—the recitative, "I rage, I burn," and the pendant air, "O ruddier than the cherry"—delivered with such power of voice, such true gusto and ready fluency by Signor Foli, the youngest and most promising member of Mr. Mapleson's company, that with one consent the audience called for it again; and the air (in which Mr. Pratten's flute *obligato* was agreeably conspicuous) was repeated.

An instrumental performance came next, in the shape of Weber's romantic and animated *Concertstück*, the pianoforte part in which was given with remarkable vigour and brilliancy of execution by Miss Madeleine Schiller, one of the best pupils of Professor Moscheles, and one of the most rising pianists among us. That Miss Schiller should be loudly summoned back to the orchestra at the termination of so spirited a performance was not surprising. Nor would her exacting admirers let her off without something more; so, in excellent taste, she answered their appeal with another work by the same composer—the *Rondeau Brillant*, for pianoforte *solus*, in E flat, one of the most characteristic of Weber's many contributions to the "queen of instruments."

The last piece in the programme was an orchestral *fantasia* by the Russian composer Glinka, some of whose songs have been greatly admired at the Monday Popular Concerts. This piece, entitled *Souvenir d'une Nuit d'Été à Madrid*, is like a series of dance movements, strung together *ad captandum*. It has some pretty melody and some pretty orchestral devices, but, on the whole, is by no means equal to the *scherzo* of the same composer, introduced some years since by Prince Galitzin—still less to the *Fantasia en forme d'Overture*, in E flat, called *Jota Aragonese*, for which though the latter was in the programme, it was, without explanation, substituted. *Jota Aragonese*, however, was duly produced on Saturday, and so much liked, that it is to be repeated on the next "classical night" (Thursday).

PENANCE.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th., *The Creation* was most successfully performed by the Penance Choral Society. Mrs. Numis singing "On mighty pens," was much admired. The entire work was listened to with attention by a very large audience. Mr. W. C. Hemmings was principal violin, and Mr. John H. Nunn (A.R.A.) conducted.

* Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso* was composed in 1740; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* in 1808.

† Man prüfe Tact nach Tact, welch zartes festes Gespinnst vom Anfang bis zum Schluss!—Schumann.

LOOK ON THESE PICTURES.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Among many objectionable features in modern music, the most injurious to the art is undoubtedly the prevalent custom of *transcribing* compositions for other voices or instruments than those for which they were intended by their composers. We hear much of a dearth of good original music, but this ought to cause no surprise when we find the market filled with feeble *arrangements* of works that have caught the public ear. To take one instance—there is the music published for the piano. A glance at the catalogue of any publisher will be sufficient to show that one-half of it consists of weak transcriptions of vocal music. No sooner does a new opera appear than straightway a dozen active gentlemen seize upon, pick out the most catching airs, obscure them more or less in a mist of demi-semiquavers, and here you have the source from which all the drawing-rooms in the country derive their musical food. It is not pleasant to place Thalberg at the head of this school, but there can be no doubt that by his exquisite skill in working up operatic airs he has done much to encourage a host of imitators, and to blind even musicians to the vicious effects of the practice. It is impossible not to regret that, instead of rewriting compositions much more effective in their original form, he should have given no more piano music proper of which we have a few tantalizing examples from his pen. But pianists are by no means the chief sufferers. The piano has a library of really good things that we must marvel to see thrown aside for modern rubbish; other instruments have a very meagre stock of music, and, except when forming parts of an orchestra, are compelled to use arrangements; perhaps the noblest of all, the organ, receives the worst treatment. The living composers of original music for the organ might be counted on the fingers, while Handel's choruses are tortured into new adaptations every month, and "arrangements from the scores of the great masters" appear in wonderful quantities; the whole tendency of things being to convert this grand instrument into a bad imitation of an orchestra, the very foundation of which—the stringed instruments—has no counterpart whatever in the organ. So far the tide has set in favour of instrumental transcriptions of vocal music, but examples of the opposite error are not wanting. One sufficiently ludicrous was afforded some years ago by a party of men who, under the name of the Organophonic Band, gave a series of concerts, in which they imitated,

(To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Sir,—Allow me to offer a word or two of protest with respect to an article which appeared in a very recent impression of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the head of "Musical Transcription." The writer, in his anxiety to express disapproval of a certain kind of pianoforte music—a disapproval in which I wholly concur—falls foul of a kind which is really just as beneficial to the art as the other is detrimental. The so-styled "transcriptions" for the pianoforte by Thalberg, Liszt, &c., are very different things from carefully made pianoforte arrangements of the orchestral symphonies and overtures of the great masters, for two hands or for four, as solos or as duets. Instead of deploring the existence of such arrangements, I rejoice in them; and for the best of reasons. They help to make very many familiar with those works who, though genuine amateurs, are still far from being able to read, much more to play, from full score—a talent possessed but by a small number even of musicians, and by a still smaller number in any degree of perfection. Beethoven himself not only sanctioned arrangements of his symphonies, overtures, &c., for septet and quintet bands and in other forms, but made not a few of such arrangements himself. Happily, there is scarcely a quartet or quintet by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Onslow, Spohr, Schubert, or Schumann (overlooking inferior men) which does not also exist in the shape of a duet for two performers on the pianoforte; and through the medium of such arrangements, many of them by the masters themselves, most under their supervision, or with their full acquiescence, numbers are benefited who have but rare occasions of listening to these compositions in their original forms. The writer of the article to which I refer seems to have got a notion into his head that these arrangements have something in common with the "transcriptions" he condemns at the outset, and attributes their popularity to the incapability on the part of "very many people" of understanding "music pure." Now, the truth is that amateurs who recreate themselves with Mozart's and Beethoven's quartets and symphonies, as pianoforte solos or duets—"music pure" in the strictest application of the phrase—would never cast a look at any of the so-called "transcriptions," least of all at those by Thalberg, music not "pure" by any means. What the fantasias of Thalberg, which nevertheless are better than his "music proper," can have to do with such arrangements I am at a loss to make out. But by an expression which he employs in connection with them—"rewriting

with small success, various orchestral instruments. Later still we have heard of verses written to be sung with certain of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, as if in express defiance of the composer's intentions. No sense of mutual fitness between instrument and music ever enters the head of a transcriber; he never considers if the geni of his instrument is in accordance with the character of the music. Given any piece of music, from a symphony of Beethoven's to "Pop goes the Weasel," both inclusive, and any instrument or combination of instruments, from the organ or full orchestra down to an accordion, and he will adapt the one to the other with a placid unconsciousness of any failure in the result that is very edifying. We have heard a clergyman play "Wait for the Wagon" on the large organ of a music-hall. Musical boxes exist which tinkle out the "Hallelujah" Chorus to the entire satisfaction of their hearers, and we once heard the same composition performed by a German band, consisting of clarinet, trombone, and double-bass. The clarinet announced the "King of kings" in a sort of pompous squeak, and the other instruments replied with "Hallelujah, hallelujah," in what are technically known as consecutive fifths. No doubt the popularity of transcriptions is in a great measure attributable to the fact that very many people are quite incapable of understanding music *pure*; unless it is attached either immediately or in their memories with words, it has no meaning for them. "Sonate, que veux-tu?" they say, with the witty Frenchman. It must be considered very unfortunate that the greatest composers have given at least an implied sanction to this vicious practice. Hummel and Czerny themselves arranged Mozart's and Beethoven's symphonies, and as far as Mozart is concerned, there is more to be said for them than for any of their tribe, as the main form in a composition of Mozart's is always of surpassing beauty; but what shall we say when we find that Mendelssohn arranged for the piano his gorgeous overtures? A skeleton would give a more complete idea of the human form divine, an engraving would give a much better notion of the most highly coloured picture, than the cleverest transcription would give of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's orchestral works. Can we wonder, then, that the smaller men—

Drawing foul ensample from fair names—have done their worst to vitiate the public taste and choke up the openings—few enough before—for the acquisition of really good and original works? So long as people are found ready to buy compositions of the class we have been describing so long will there be found men willing to profit by the labours of

compositions much more effective in their original form.—I imagine that your contributor's idea of Thalberg's fantasias is very different from that which ordinarily obtains. There is no such thing as "rewriting" in "transcriptions" or arrangements (call either by which name we please). Thalberg only does what much greater men than he have done before him—Mozart and Beethoven, for example; to say nothing of all the most distinguished pianoforte composers, from Steibelt, Woelfl and Dussek, to Hummel, Weber, and Chopin. There is nothing new but his manner of doing it. To write variations, or build a fantasia upon an operatic melody, is almost as old as music. J. S. Bach and Handel both delighted in the variation style. For my part, I should be loth to part with the models in this form of writing which Mozart and Beethoven, to say nothing of the pianoforte composers just mentioned, have left us; though I should not much regret if all the fantasias and "transcriptions" of Thalberg, Liszt, and Co. were submitted to a general bonfire. The fact is the one is good, the other not good. Handel's simple variations on "The harmonious blacksmith" (in one of his harpsichord lessons) are worth all that Liszt and Thalberg together have produced. Your contributor further objects to Handel's choruses being performed upon the organ. Why, he would have every organist in Germany and England against him. I have not a doubt but that Handel often played them so himself. Operatic selections on the organ are certainly in bad taste; but that is a very different matter. To carry out your contributor's theory to its fullest extent, he would not only object to what are called pianoforte scores of operas, but to the pianoforte scores of oratorios, by the circulation of cheap hand-editions of which Novello, Boosey, Cocks, and other publishers have done a world of good—as may be seen any night during a performance of sacred music at Exeter or St. James's Hall. And what are these adaptations after all? The voice parts, solo and chorus, are preserved intact (no "rewriting"), while the orchestral accompaniments are condensed for the pianoforte, which, as one who lays himself out as a musical critic ought to know, is an orchestra in itself. That it may not be thought I am misrepresenting your contributor, permit me to reproduce a short passage or two from his article. After accounting in his manner for the "popularity of transcriptions," he goes on to say—"It must be considered very unfortunate that the greatest composers have given at least an implied sanction to this vicious practice," and then refers to the arrangements of Mozart's and Beethoven's symphonies by Hummel and Czerny, thus clearly labouring

others, and acquire a cheap popularity at little or no cost to themselves. The question, therefore, rests with the great body of amateurs, and we are sorry to add that it might be in much better hands.

LEEDS.—Among the opportunities of hearing good music which the people of Leeds enjoy, none have a better claim than Dr. Spark's Tuesday afternoon organ recitals and Saturday evening concerts. Occasionally concerts of a high class are organized in this town, and public singers and instrumentalists of repute assist at them. But meanwhile we draw from our own resources an abundant and constant supply of excellent music, selected with taste, and performed with talent. The organ performances at the Town Hall on Tuesday afternoons are delightful. In hearing them one passes a pleasant hour and obtains a short respite from the cares of the material world and a glimpse of the world of imagination. The great and varied powers of the instrument which the people of Leeds possess are put to good use. Selections from the works of classical and popular composers make up the programmes, always characterized by research and good taste. A fragment of Bach, an air or chorus from an oratorio of Handel, or Haydn, a passage from a sonata or symphony by Mendelssohn or Beethoven, an overture to one of Rossini's or Mozart's operas, a national air—such are the kinds of music with which Dr. Spark delights his Tuesday audiences. On Saturday evenings the organ performances are varied by choral, solo, and part-singing by local vocalists of ability. Dr. Spark always puts together such a programme as enables him to bring out every one of the many beauties of the instrument he knows so well—now the dulcet tones of its vocal and flute-like notes, and now the bursts of its diapasons. We have attended several of the Tuesday organ performances lately, to better judge of their general character, and feel justified in saying that on no occasion is the visitor likely to be disappointed. Of the Saturday evening concerts we can speak equally well; and when it is considered that these entertainments are open to the public at almost nominal prices, their advantage as a means of improving the popular taste in music can hardly be overestimated.—*Abridged from "Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer," Jan. 16.*

FORMATION OF A GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION IN WATERFORD.—A meeting was held a few nights since for this purpose. The meeting was presided over by J. A. Blake, Esq., M.P., and resolutions were passed for the furtherance of the object.

under the impression that a pianoforte arrangement of an orchestral symphony, with not a note changed, nothing omitted, and nothing added, is the same kind of thing as a "transcription" by Thalberg, where all that is *not* Thalberg's is the bare melody (the harmony itself being often altered and always otherwise distributed than in the original), which by variations and *remplissage* is spread over from twelve to twenty pages! But your contributor makes a kind of reservation in favour of Mozart. "As far as Mozart is concerned, there is more to be said for them" (the "transcriptions") "than for any of their tribe, as the main form in a composition of Mozart's is always of surpassing beauty." Now, as in arranging Haydn's or Beethoven's symphonies, precisely the same method is resorted to as in arranging the symphonies of Mozart, I confess myself unable to understand the force of this sentence. Where is that "main form" which saves Mozart from being disfigured by "transcribers" and does not save Beethoven (a master of form if there ever was one)? By arranging most of his great orchestral and chamber compositions for the pianoforte himself, and thus, so to speak, becoming his own engraver, Mendelssohn has won the gratitude of all musicians and amateurs of music. No one else could have done it so well, and his doing it establishes two facts—first, that he approved of such arrangements; and second, that he felt parental solicitude for everything that went forth to the world in his name. The harmony is just as full and substantial in the arrangement as in the score—nothing, indeed, being wanting but the orchestral tints. Of course, I would rather hear Mendelssohn's overtures played by an orchestra than by two of the most brilliant performers on the pianoforte; but I would just as much rather hear them played on the pianoforte than not at all. I will be bound to say that none who the other night at the Monday Popular Concerts enjoyed the magnificent performance of Beethoven's magnificent "Posthumous" quartet in B flat enjoyed it half so much as those who had made themselves already familiar with its "main form" and countless beauties of detail through the aid of a four-hand arrangement for piano. Let such as read scores fluently, read them; perhaps your contributor is one of those enviable few; but such as are unable (99 out of 100) can hardly do better—wanting Herr Joachim and his companions—than study them at the piano. Z.

COLOGNE.

(From our original correspondent.)

A great musical event for the amateurs of Cologne took place last night at a splendid musical party ending with a magnificent ball, given by the very first patrons of musical art here, *Herr und Frau Robert Schnitzler*. This amiable couple does not only belong to the best Society, but in every respect to the most interesting people of this town. The event in question was the production (for the first time in Cologne) of the charming operetta of Mendelssohn, *Die Heimkehr* (Son and Stranger according to Chorley's English version) This very delicate musico-dramatical *bluette*, composed by the deeply regretted master on 1829 in England, was only destined as a present to his parents for the 25th anniversary of their marriage (*die silberne Hochzeit*.) Having been performed at Mendelssohn's father's house on the occasion, by his relations and friends, it was reproduced during many years to celebrate the birth day of the same different friends and relations; so that the composer considering it a Sacred *piece de famille*, declined every proposition to publish it during his lifetime. This work being very popular in England, I think it superfluous to send you an analytical account of it, and let me speak at once of the yesterdays performance, which was in every respect a first-rate one. The piano solos were capably executed by the Lady of the house, an excellent pianist, and F. Hiller, who undertook also the accompaniment of the operetta. The singing was entrusted to very good hands. The part of *Lisbeth* was splendidly sung by a pupil of the Conservatoire here, *Fraulein Luise Radecke*, a very pretty girl and a charming singer, with a delicious Soprano voice. Her distinguished teacher, *Madame Marchesi*, sang the contralto part (the mother) as a real *maestra di canto*. An excellent amateur, *Herr Pütz* of Cologne, sang very well the tenor part, (*Hermann*) and the brilliant part of Baryton, (*Kauz*) was executed, *con amore*, by *Signor Marchesi*. The chorus singers were the best amateurs of Cologne, and the celebrated poet and novelist, *Dr. Müller von Königswinter*,* read the dialogues. The work as well as its execution met with a decided success. How interesting was this performance for me you may deduct by the following account. It was on 1851, in London that I heard once this charming operetta, when sung for the first time in an English attire, and by a very extraordinary chance two of the first singers on the occasion were the same I heard here last night, singing the same parts in German. The *Heimkehr*, having been at the time just translated by E. Chorley, *Fraulein Graumann*, (now *Madame Marchesi*) then a concert singer very well known in England, gave it at her residence, 15, Argyle Street W, with the following cast. Pianoforte *Benedict* and *Linsley-Slopper*, Soprano *Mrs. Anderson*, Tenor *Mr. Lokey*, Contralto *Fraulein Graumann*, and Baryton *Signor Marchesi*. The small part of *Schulz*, who has only to sing always *f*, in the terzetto No. 7, was executed by the celebrated *Manuel Garcia*, singing master of *Signor* and *Signora Marchesi*, as a prove of respect for Mendelssohn's genius. E. Chorley undertook the lecture of the dialogues, and the chorus was entrusted to first-rate amateurs. *Chevalier Bunsen*, the deplored Prussian ambassador, archeologist and literary man, (who loved Mendelssohn like a son) and *Mrs. Bunsen*, made the honours of the very crowded and fashionable party. Although sixteen years are elapsed, I can not still forget the sentiment of solemn meditation prevailing over the audience, during the whole performance of the little operetta at *Fraulein Graumann's Soirée*. Being the first time since Mendelssohn's death that his German and English friends residing in London met together to hear one of his posthumous works which had just been published, they listened with a kind of religious feeling to the beautiful strains of the *Son and Stranger*. The admiration awakened by it was mixed with sorrowful regrets, and the audience deeply affected paid a double tribute of applauses and tears to the memory of the too soon departed great composer!

At the fourth *Soirée* of the *Cölnisch quartett*, on Tuesday last evening a quartett of Schubert and one of Beethoven were performed with the usual excellence by *Königs-löw*, *Zapha Derkum*, and *Schmit*. The great feature of the evening was a *Serenade*, for pianoforte, à *quatre mains*, a sparkling new production of the never exhausted imagination of F. Hiller, very beautifully played by the composer and professor *Gernsheim*.

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Jan. 14th, 1867.

*The gifted and truth-loving author of *Beethoven-Furioso*—(see *The Saturday Review*).—A. S. S.

DUBLIN.—Miss Anna Hiles has been singing in the *Messiah*. The *Dublin Daily Express* informs us that her execution of the solos was much admired. The *Freeman's Journal* says that she was warmly welcomed, and that she was heard to great advantage in the "Come unto Him," "But Thou didst not leave," and before (though after) all, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

235th CONCERT (NINTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1867.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERRINI, and PIATTI *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Vedrai carino"—Miss LOUISA PYNE *Mozart.*
SONATA, in D minor, Op. 49, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE *Weber.*

PART II.

ROMANCE, in G, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM *Beethoven.*
AIR, "La Blondina in gondolella"—Miss LOUISA PYNE *Paer.*
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

236th CONCERT (TENTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28TH, 1867.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 10, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "L'ombrosa notte vien" (*Matilda*)—Miss LOUISA PYNE *Hummel.*
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 26, for Pianoforte alone (by desire)—Mr. CHARLES HALLE *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, "Il trillo del Diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM *Tartini.*
SONG, "The Maiden's Story"—Miss LOUISA PYNE *Sullivan.*
QUINTET, in A major, Op. 114, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, PIATTI, and REYNOLDS *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will take place as follows, viz. :—

Monday, February 4 1867.	Monday, March 4 1867.
Monday, " 11 "	Monday, " 11 "
Monday, " 18 "	Monday, " 18 "
Monday, " 25 "	Monday, " 25 "

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays: February 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd; March 2nd, 9th.
Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; to be had of AUSTIN, 23, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MISS MARY MACARTHY having returned to London, will be happy to receive Pupils for instruction on the Pianoforte. All particulars may be obtained of Miss MARY MACARTHY, at 26, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRANGE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mauguin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street, W.

DEATH.

On the 20th inst., at 55, Upper Berkeley Street, Mrs. GROOM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSICIANS.—Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 2, had never been played at the Monday Popular Concerts until Mr. Halle introduced it the other night.

HORACE MAYHEW.—*Ep. northosis* is a correction of one's self; *aposi peis*, a holding of one's peace. Consult Aristotle. Garnishing of the speech alone in regard of the person is double *apostrophe* (turning the person), or *prosopeia* (feigning of the person). Consult Aristotle.

PAUL MOIST.—"*Torva leana lupum sequitur*," &c., Virgil's *Eclogues* (No. 2). The paper in the *Spectator*, to which the quotation serves as motto, is by Budgett.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 241 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

ALBERT LORTZING.

(Continued from page 24.)

A LETTER of the 21st June contains four pages of directions as to the cheapest way of coming to Berlin, of moving the furniture, etc. Then follow the subjoined hasty lines :—

"I wait and wait, but the money promised me does not come; for fear, therefore, that you might be without any, when you most need it, I send you all I can spare—*ten thalers*.—I think I shall have the remainder to-morrow. I may mention that that —, Herr Kr***, has not yet forwarded me the fourteen thalers, though I asked him, in the most civil manner, to do so only a short time since. If you directed the things *poste restante*, they are most probably there. I have not yet made any inquiries after them, as I might be obliged to fetch them away, and I am for the present unable to do so.—Since yesterday at noon I have been stopping at Töpfer's Hotel, as my landlady has let the rooms I occupied.—Soon! Soon! Soon!—Your ALBERT."

[Last Letter, consisting of only three lines.]

"MY DEAR GOOD WIFE.—I write in haste to say that to-morrow morning you shall have the money necessary for your journey. I shall not receive it till this afternoon. With best love, your

"ALBERT LORTZING."

[To Düringer, Mannheim.]

"Berlin, 11th July, 1850.

"MY DEAR BROTHER.—Your letter reached me just at the moment my family, goods, furniture, etc., arrived, causing a great state of confusion, disorder, and chaos, around me; consequently, for the nonce, I shall speak merely of business matters. You play *Undine*—so, once more, there is something of mine—once more, I shall earn something from your theatre.—You want to borrow the Frankfort score, eh? I do not like the notion. The management at Frankfort, you must know, bought the score from a certain manager of the name of Beurer (then in Magdeburg), who received from me the *very first* copy. The *second* was given to Hamburg. It was not till after the performance at the latter place that I put the opera into really proper shape, for it was previously too long in many parts, a fact for which I could have boxed my own ears, as this is not generally my failing. I have no doubt that some one else has cut the lengthy portions, but whether he has done so judiciously is another question; I even wrote for Vienna another ending for the second and the last act—if I am not mistaken, I sent both the alterations to the late Herr Guhr at Frankfort. In the accompanying marked book the erasures show what *must* be left out, and it would, also, be very advisable to omit Bertholda's air, supposing it cannot be well sung. For the overture, too, I composed in Vienna another and more effective ending. That, likewise, must be in Frankfort. Remember me kindly to Lachner, to his care I entrust the opera, *especially the finale to the third act*. The same to Mühlendorfer, who will here be in his element—tell him that the moon does not appear till the last chorus is sung, as there is some separate music for the moonshine caper.—I remarked in Hamburg that the last set of all was too long. Give your dear wife our most hearty congratulations on her convalescence.—As soon as ever I have got a little straight, you shall have a *private* letter from me. For the moment, I cannot possibly write one. So, meanwhile, I remain your

ALBERT LORTZING,

"(Louisenstrasse, No. 53)."

"Berlin, 1st August, 1850.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER.—So fate has once more persecuted us, each in a different manner, but she has treated you, poor fellow, worse than me. God preserve me and everyone from such visitations."

* * * * *
Heaven be praised, I cannot complain of any fearful cases of illness, properly so speaking, in my family; the fact of my wife's suffering from her eyes is an evil that cannot be remedied, and both she and all of us have long since patiently submitted to it. May things long

* He refers to the calamity which happened to my wife. I must here remark the sentence originally ran : "God preserve me from such visitations;" his kindly feeling, however—as though he feared the sin, as the saying is, of praying for himself alone—afterwards added over the line : "and everyone."

remain as they are; more I cannot wish. My son is still pursuing his studies as an engineer in Vienna, and is very industrious—as he tells me in his letters.—We shall know the truth at his examination. * * * * * It was an unfortunate notion of mine, that of accepting a re-engagement at Leipzig. Thank God, I have done with it! * * * * * The theatre (Friedrich-Wilhelmstädter) is, I hope, merely in a state of transition. The manager thought to give a certain amount of brilliancy to his undertaking by engaging me; the first street-fiddler, however, would do quite as well as myself what I have now to do, 'conduct and get up farces.' Towards winter we are to have *Spieloper*,* for which we may the more confidently prophesy a prosperous career, as this kind of piece has not been regularly cultivated in Berlin for a long time. Our Theatre is peculiarly adapted for it. Orchestra, chorus, and singers—at least, as many of the last as there may be—I can manage as I choose, and that will at length render my position a very agreeable one—I think. In a word, great things may be done, supposing the manager does not—as he is inclined to do— * * * * * So then, my family has been here about three weeks. I was separated from them a half year (or, if I take everything into account, five quarters). * * * * * I lead such a life now that you would not recognize me. As for a tavern—you know I once had a liking for places of the kind—it is out of the question. How runs the song in the classical opera: 'S' hat Alles seine Ursach,' etc. Yes, yes, my dear Brother, there is really a motive, and that you may not again abuse me for not taking you into my confidence, I will confess to you what I never confessed to anyone else, that I have been reduced to such a state of poverty by the last few eventful years, by repeated moving, by the many times I have been out of an engagement, but principally by the fact that for the last three years I have entirely lost the power of composing, that Germany would blush at it, supposing she had any shame left in her, God knows, and my family know, that I have always worked hard, but for three years I have been unlucky with my last three new operas, that is to say: not one of them has been a perfect failure, but they have not done what was expected of them being mine, and the worthy Intendants, Managers, Stage-Managers and other —, they cannot sniff a success like that of *Der Freischütz*, or of *Cesar und Zimmermann*, leave a German composer in the lurch—simply because he is a German. How they used to angle, and how they still angle for French operas. What sums have Herr B—— and B. received here for Halévy's opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, which has done nothing anywhere.—O, if there were only once to be a revolution in theatrical affairs!—Like the murderers of Latour and Lamberg, I would lend a hand, and help to string up the above worthies—with you, for old friendship's sake, I might, perhaps—but only perhaps—make an exception. But to proceed: last year, fortune was about to smile on me—the offer from London. The English papers already trumpeted forth my coming, and, also, the cast of the opera: 'Lablache, Van Bette; Rossi, Maria, etc.' All of a sudden, the correspondence came to a stand still, and has never yet been resumed.—I suspect that M. Halévy with his — *Tempest* had something to do with this. Had the opera been successful, I should all at once have been extricated from my difficulties.—But to return to my wretched pecuniary condition! my dear Brother, it may be said of me as of Robert: 'he has nothing more,' the only difference being that I never, like him, gambled away my money. The little I had saved is gone; my few articles of plate and jewelry were pledged long ago; in addition to this, I still owe some few hundred thalers in Leipzig. My salary brings me in (without a benefit) only 600 thalers, and scarcely suffices to buy food; and even on that I have had advances, which are deducted at a certain rate. I can swear that I sometimes want the commonest necessities.—I have nothing left to pledge, and yet I cannot tell the truth to the world, because I feel ashamed—for the world! I work only for those —, the publishers; I am trodden under foot by them and must put up with it.† * * * * * Such is my state of mind, my dear Brother.—That I must live as I do does not affect me in the least; thank God, I can bear want, and could be as happy as a sand boy over a glass of white beer; but my dear wife grieves, and will not entertain any hope that things will ever be better. This distresses me deeply. At such moments I endeavour to represent to her the fate of others, who, in many respects, are worse off than we are. This does good—for the moment. You now know all about my sorrowful story. It will strike you very clearly that I am not at all averse to having money forwarded me. If, therefore, it is compatible with the regular arrangements of your theatre, and you can so manage that the stipulated sum for *Undine* be shortly sent, I shall have one source of embarrassment less to bear. Do not forget, you, who for so many years have received a fair salary!! May the opera succeed; I reckon it—from

* A *Spiel-per* is properly a piece with music interspersed, like *The Beggars' Opera*, for instance.

† At the urgent supplication of his widow I pass over in silence the revolting facts with which I am acquainted and of which I possess the proofs!—How infamously was the poor fellow treated!

a musical point of view—as one of the best things I ever did.—People generally close a letter with some pleasant piece of news, but I cannot refrain from telling you something sad, namely: the death of our friend E****; I was the more moved by the intelligence, because, only four months ago, the poor fellow wrote me a long and interesting letter—praising his health—and—as so often occurs—I failed to reply.

'Das arme Herz hinieden—
Von manchem Sturm bewegt—
Erlangt den wahren Frieden
Nur—wenn es nicht mehr schlägt.'

"It is now some years since I pasted these beautiful verses from the hymn-book over my writing-table—because they please me so much.

"For your kindness in trying to persuade me to go to Baden, I thank you exceedingly, but I am more tied down by business than ever I was. I have something to do nearly every evening, because I have to do everything myself, and, whatever enjoyment I might hope to find with you, amid the beautiful scenery round about, I should not like to leave my family again so soon, for I was recently separated from them for more than two months—certainly I should not like to do so merely for my own pleasure.—Everything for gold! but not beauty and fame!—yes, the words run: 'for God, beauty, and fame!' No matter—God or gold.—I do not know the reason, but I feel as if I should never go out of Berlin again—little as my native city pleases me with its bare environs and filthy dialect.—It is true that were I once more compelled to leave Berlin soon, I should not have to pay much for the removal of my furniture and other effects, for had I to wander forth, it would be with nothing but my bare skin. No matter. In all my misery, I count those who are near and dear to me, and not one is wanting. That thought raises me high above all the vexations of life!—You did not tell me anything in your letter about your sick child. Is she still suffering? And now, my dear Brother, *vale*. What I have said to you concerning my circumstances:

'Leg'es in deines Busens treuen Schrein hinein;
Der Welt brauch't's nicht bekannt zu sein,
Es brächte mir ja doch nichts ein!—
Grüss mir die brave Hausfrau dein,
Gott möge Heilung ihr verlei'h'n.
Dass du noch manches Jährelein
Dich mögst mit ihr des Lebens freu'n!
Viel Grüsse auch von Allen mein!"

—Yours truly,

"ALBERT LORTZING."

This letter, so touching and ominous, despite its humorous conclusion, affected me all the more, because it reached me at Baden-Baden, where I spent my holiday in the summer of 1850. Was it not there that Lortzing had been so indescribably happy, with me?—How sorrowful did I feel, when thinking of the pleasant days we had spent there six years before, days in which, happy and full of hope, he fancied a future of bliss was in store for him. I repeat it: he had then reached the summit of his happiness.

(To be continued.)

"JEEMS PIPES."—Mr. Stephen Massett, the composer and author, arrived last week from New York. We have heard much of this gentleman's ability, and expect to be able shortly to chronicle his success.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT is engaged by Colonel Mason and the Committee of the Birmingham Hospital, to compose a *cantata* for the ensuing musical Festival, and is now fully engaged on the work.

HERR JOACHIM—with Signor Piatti and their associates—have been Monday-Popularizing the country during the week. They returned yesterday in time for the concert this day, at which, among other things, Herr Joachim is to lead the second quintet of Beethoven (in C), and to play the same composer's Romance in G.

* My poor little daughter, twelve years old, was still suffering then, but she died soon after Lortzing's death. Lortzing always took a great interest in her. Referring to this subject, my friend Reger says, among other things, in one of his letters: "Be calm; Lortzing will now nurse your child in his lap, and, without a doubt, to greet her arrival, has already composed a chorale sung by millions of angels' voices! You will have your Lina again, for Albert will take good care of her. He will bring her to you with a reminiscence of his own muse: 'Thy warmest wish is now fulfilled,' etc.—but not yet—not yet for a very long time." The words quoted belong to a very beautiful musical passage in the charming third finale to *Undine*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The second classical programme of the Orchestral Popular Concerts (on Thursday night) was as varied and interesting as the first. The first part began with a very fine performance of Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and ended with no less fine a performance of Spohr's great symphony, *The Consecration of Sound*. Between the two came Glinka's *Jota Arragonesa*—a long ballet piece, more melodious than well constructed. In the second part we had Mr. Macfarren's fresh and vigorous overture, *Chevy Chase*, to begin with, and as a wind up, the overture of Mendelssohn to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—both capably played. Besides all these, Miss Fanny Jarvis gave a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's first concerto. The vocal music was contributed by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Poli, (two of Mr. Mapleson's "invaluable"). The lady sang Mozart's "Deh vieni" (*Figaro*), and Mendelssohn's Italian scene, "Infelice" (which last she cannot sing too often, seeing that she sings it so well). The gentleman gave the expressive song, "L'addio," long attributed to Mozart, but to which Mozart merely wrote a quartet accompaniment. These could hardly have been better given. The audience—not so numerous as we should have wished and as such a concert deserved—were charmed with everything, applauded everything, and "recalled" the singers and the pianist.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Martin has been unfortunate at his last two concerts, so far as numbers are concerned, for neither at the *Creation* on the 3rd, nor *Judas Maccabeus* on the 17th, was Exeter Hall anything like as well filled as is ordinarily the case when an oratorio is announced. Nor was the comparative scantiness confined to the audience alone, for the chorus seemed also sadly diminished; and, although generally of a confiding and trustful disposition, I could not persuade myself (even with the aid of a glass of very strong magnifying power) that the "band and chorus of 700" were represented much beyond half that imposing figure. True, the weather (which it would hardly be libellous to describe as inclement) might and probably did have a good deal to do with the paucity alluded to; but mere numerical deficiency was more than compensated by the enthusiasm of those present who loudly applauded Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Leigh Wilson, and Mr. Santley, the principal singers in Haydn's genial work, and were not less alive to the merits of Mdlle. Suchet Champion, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, in the spirit-stirring composition of Handel. Applause is not however an invariable test of merit, being in some instances rather a display of friendly feeling than of accurate judgment, while in others a mere clap-trap straining for effect is mistaken for legitimate singing. However, in the majority of cases at the two performances in question, the audience were, as the lawyers say, "in their right." That "See the conquering hero comes" should be encored was only to be expected, and although Mr. Martin endeavoured to turn a deaf ear, and had got half way through the succeeding march, the clamour was so continued that there was no help for it but to repeat the jubilant strains which are so frequently prostituted to the basest of purposes. Mr. Leigh Wilson was also encored in "Sound an alarm," which he sang with vigour. In the other two no less trying airs, "Call forth thy powers" and "How vain is man," Mr. Wilson certainly left much to be desired. It is a matter of regret that this gentleman, for whom nature has done so much (in the way of voice), should have done so little to turn his fine natural gift to the best advantage. Without study,—downright hard work,—the finest voice in the world is "but as naught." If nothing else were wanting to stimulate him to exertion, the present unfortunate dearth of really good tenor singers should be sufficient to induce Mr. Wilson to cultivate assiduously the means given him, and not remain content with a level of bare mediocrity. The prize is worth trying for. There is, in addition to mere fame, something more substantial to be reached—namely, fortune; but to achieve either (much more both) Mr. Wilson must study perseveringly.

DRINKWATER HARD.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD resumes her "Pianoforte Recitals" in the country at the beginning of the week. Her first "Recital" will be given at Hull.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

Monday last was almost exclusively devoted to Beethoven. The practice of labelling certain evenings with the names of certain composers has been wisely discontinued, but it so happened that on Monday last four of the six pieces performed were by the greatest of all musical authors. The opening quartet was that in C major, third of the set which, dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, the Russian ambassador at the Court of Vienna, has made his name immortal. This last is the most generally popular of the three, and the andante, an unbroken stream of pure melody, must always prove captivating even to an uncritical audience. The loveliness of this movement can scarcely be surpassed, but the finale is still more wonderful, the interest of the listener being kept up with unabated force from the opening fugato to the brilliant and exciting coda. Long as the movement is, it was followed with deep attention, and succeeded by loud applause. A fit companion for this quartet was found in the duet sonata in C minor, its junior by some years, but amply entitled to equal rank. Strange to say, this glorious composition, the beauty of which seems to commend itself on first acquaintance to our ears, must be reckoned with those works which failed at first to be appreciated. That Beethoven himself must have cherished this comparatively early offspring of his brain is shown by the persistence with which he repeats the theme of the adagio, as though he had fallen in love with his own creation, and was loth to let it out of his sight. The piano solo was also from Beethoven's works, it being the sonata in F minor, to which the music publisher, Cranz, appended the epithet *appassionata*—a name that has clung to it ever since. To say that the pianist was Madame Arabella Goddard is to imply that the execution was simply and utterly faultless; but such negative reference is a practical injustice to playing to which no amount of the most positive praise could do justice. As we remarked last week, in speaking of Herr Joachim, it is the privilege of a very few of the most highly gifted artists to fascinate the hearer into the belief that the executant has never before reached so high a level. And certainly we have never heard the intricate passages that abound in the *Sonata Appassionata*, especially in the finale, articulated with such marvellous distinctness and accuracy as on this occasion. The simple theme of the andante, clothed in richest harmonies, was announced with becoming majesty, while the brilliant variations that relieve the melody, as the ringing voices of happy children might play about the full tones of an organ, were rendered to a wish. One of the very grandest of Beethoven's incomparable two-and-thirty sonatas, the *Appassionata*, has rarely, indeed, received grander illustration. The Bonn musician was finally represented by the finest chamber vocal piece which even he has written—"Adelaide"—which no singer of our time has sung with such mingled delicacy and fire as Mr. Sims Reeves. His other solo was an Arabian love song, a graceful, elegant effusion of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Reeves was in excellent voice, and, being encored as a matter of course, departed from his usual custom by repeating both songs. The programme was pleasantly closed by Haydn's quartet in B flat (op. 54), one of the finest of the eighty-three which we possess from his pen. It is needless to add that Herr Joachim fairly divided the honours with Madame Arabella Goddard in the duet sonata, and that in the quartets he was ably supported by MM. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti.

LANCASTER.—The second and third entertainments given by the Lancashire Athenæum took place in the Music Hall on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday last. *Martha* was performed for the first time in Lancaster on Monday. Madame Lancia's "Last rose of summer" and "Here alone I mourn" were perfect. Miss Alessandri, as Betsy, showed improvement since her last visit to Lancaster. We do not remember to have heard Mr. Parkinson sing or act better. Mr. Rosenthal (Punk-t), though not gifted with a powerful baritone voice, knows how to use what nature has endowed him with. The opera for Tuesday was *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The cast the same as in the previous opera, with the exception of Miss Blanche Cole, who took the part of Edgar, sang. Madame Lancia sang even better than on Monday. In every sense of the word, we consider Madame Lancia an artist. Mr. Parkinson was Ricardo; Miss Alessandri, Ulrica; and Mr. Rosenthal, Renato.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

AU VÉNÉRABLE DOCTOR ABRAHAM SILENT.

MONSIEUR,—Votre spirituel confrère, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, est un journal très sérieux. Seulement, il a tort d'accuser de ses fautes les autres. Il n'a qu'à ouvrir ses propres colonnes pour y trouver la phrase qui, passée dans le *Musical World*, paraît tant l'offusquer. Une citation dans ces conditions, un journal intelligent ne la relève pas. Mais il avait une défense à placer et il a préféré la mettre sur votre dos. C'est commode. Il y a une vieille vérité mise dans un local, et fort bien préservée, d'un ancien philosophe Grec:—Avant de juger les autres, tâche de te connaître toi-même.

ENGEL.

TO SAMUEL TOPER TABLE, Esq.

SIR,—On the outskirts of Warwickshire there stands an old ruined house surrounded by trees. An old woman and her two daughters live there. In this house is an old lumber room which is said to be haunted, for on each Christmas Eve horrid sounds are heard to issue from it. Now, Christmas Eve was drawing near, and the two girls (Jemima and Seraphina) were determined to go into the lumber room on this particular evening and see what was there. The night was come, and they crept softly upstairs. The stairs creaked uneasily; they stopped at the door; their hearts beat violently, and Jemima said to Seraphina: "I dare not go in—hark! what was that?" "It was only a groan," said the brave Seraphina. They opened the door of the lumber room and looked in; they could see nothing—all was in darkness. They went in and shut the door; then the moon shone forth in all her splendour, and revealed, up in a corner, a figure huddled up. Jemima uttered a shriek. "Be brave," said her courageous sister Seraphina; "I will go and see who it is." She advanced, and got a stick and poked it; it never moved. She gave it a harder hit, and this time it fell with a heavy smash down on the floor, and lo! the moonlight streamed in, and they beheld a dilapidated old Table!

KITTIE GLASS.

[Excellent, Miss Glass! excellent. You have fairly turned the tables on Mr. Table, who will scarcely try to mystify again so clever and sharp, and at the same so prettily spoken a person as yourself. You are a veritable table-rapper, my dear Miss Glass.—A. S. SILENT.]

TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

DEAR DR. A. S. SILENT,—I heard from Bodger again last Saturday;—a very laconic note. Here it is, *verb. et lit.*—

"Bullockton, 19th Jan.

"DEAR EGG,—I have read as how them Monday Popular Concerts is first rate. Take a couple of tickets for next Monday, and look out for me. Never mind the price—wheat's well up.—Truly yours,

"BENJAMIN BODGER."

I took the tickets, regardless of expense, and looked out for my old friend, as requested. He came, in his churchwarden black, and at the appointed time (I pass over irrelevant dinner-talk about the cattle plague, and the last row with the Bullockton organist) we set out for St. James's Hall. *En route* Bodger's ample face changed its jovial after-dinner expression, as if he had suddenly thought of something serious, and, turning to me, he uttered these emphatic words: "No trombones?" "Calm yourself, my friend," said I, "not one." Bodger heaved a great sigh of relief, and at that moment cabby drew up at the Piccadilly entrance. We soon found our seats on the side benches, you know, Doctor, where one can "survey mankind" with ease—and by the time my friend had mastered the programme (not without a grumble at the "crack-jaw" Rasoumowsky) the quartet players made their appearance. Of course, I had to identify them all for him, but he fixed his regards mainly on "the young man with the bass viol." Said he, after a lengthened scrutiny: "I've heard a deal about that Pyeatte, but he's a furriner clear enough, and I ain't got much faith in furriners. T'other three be English, that's a comfort." I pointed out the fact of Joachim's being a Hungarian, but Bodger exclaimed, "Bosh! that fiddler with the clean face a Hungryun! I'll wager he's English to the backbone. One look's enough to tell me that, and I desay his name's Joe Akim if we could only get at the truth. I'm up to their dodges." At that moment the quartet commenced, and I let my friend have his own way. All through that matchless performance Bodger sat erect and still as a statue, his gaze resting now on Piatti, now on Joachim, and at the close

his figure seemed to collapse as if excitement had wound him up too high. But recovering instantly, he brought his stick to bear upon the floor with prodigious energy, shouting to me meanwhile: "Pyeatte can play, there's no denying on it; but Joe Akim, don't talk to me any more about your Paganinis and your furriners. I always said we could wop 'em in anything, even fiddling." The "Arabian love song" was not much to his taste, but he was glad to see Sullivan accompanying it, and had judged him to be "a clever little chap" on the strength of a *Te Deum* of his they "do" at Bullockton Church. Arabella Goddard's playing of the "Appassionata" was another sensation for Bodger. "When she began that slow bit," said he at its close: "I felt as if I was in the churchwarden's pew." "She is an Englishwoman," I remarked. "Certainly," replied my friend; "but Pyeatte can play, mind you." Now came the recess, which Bodger improved by studying the *Daily Telegraph* notice of the previous concert. "Egg," said he all of a sudden, "what's a Nestor?" "A Nestor, Bodger," I replied, "is an old and venerable sage." "Then, I see," he went on, "that the Nestor of your press fellows is Mr. Sutherland Edwards." "Precisely," said I; "there he is yonder, talking to the writer of the article." "What!" ejaculated Bodger, "that tall young man a Nestor?" Now look here, Egg, none of that, you know." "Well, if you won't believe me," I answered, "go and ask Dr. Silent, there he sits at the end of the side bench in front of us; he was the young man's godfather, and ought to know." My friend's modesty declined an introduction to you, Doctor, but he took your measure, if staring can do it; indeed, yourself and godchild engaged the greater part of his attention, till the performance re-commenced. That Nestor business was plainly too much for his comprehension, but certain emphatic snorts indicated unbelief as the uppermost feeling with regard to it. The second part of the concert I must hurry over. You should have heard him (perhaps you did, as I saw a gathering frown on your amiable face) thump out the time of the *scherzo* in the C minor sonata, with his stick. Sims Reeves in "Adelaide," made him speculate as to the effect of that grand voice in Bullockton Church; and at the close of Papa Haydn's quartet, he seized my hand and shook it till it ached. "Egg" said he, "the fust thing I do when I get home shall be to lock up Jenny's piano, burn my bass-viol for fire-wood, and then stop away from church with a bad cold. I've heard music now, and don't want noise any longer."

The old fellow started for Bullockton next morning in the same mood. As the train moved off he put his head out, and roared back: "If you see Pyeatte, say, I forgive his being a furriner, and say 'Thank'ee' to Arabella Goddard for me."—Ever yours, dear Doctor,

THADDEUS EGG.

The Hatch, Jan. 22.

P.S.—I expect a letter from Jenny Bodger, if the old man keeps his word about locking up the piano. Look out, therefore, next week.—T. E.

TO JOSEPH BENNETT, Esq.

MY DEAR J. B.,—I was entranced beyond the seventh heaven of delight on Saturday evening last; I soared aloft with the great musical divines:—Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, who, assembled in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, with their brothers in art, Herr L. Ries, and Mr. Zerbini. Oh sir! I cannot describe my rapturous bliss, my emotions were so perfectly tuned by the divine music that wafted around me, and, for a long time after these sacred tones had passed the boundary of my hearing, when my body was exposed to the severe weather Jack Frost had placed around us; still, my soul rejoiced within me, I felt myself to be a new creature and those inspired feelings which genius creates glowed within my bosom with renewed pleasure, every nerve beat joyfully within me, my pulses leaped with delight and my tongue uttered these words:—Music, I love thee; thou art the joy of my soul; let thy blessings attend me on earth that I may revel with thy eternal harmonies and gather pleasures that will do my soul good. Amen, says my pen. The string Quartet, played by these distinguished artists was Beethoven's in E flat, op 74. Herr Joachim was most ably supported by his colleagues as you will understand better than I am able to tell. Herr Joachim played Solos, Andante, Bach; and Gavotte, Leclair; as only the prince of violinists can. Whenever Joachim draws his Bow across his Violin, he creates a charm that goes straight to the heart, indeed he unites our heart-strings to the emotions of his own soul, which, turns his Fiddle for the

time present into a living piece of wood, which, sings and addresses the impulsive feelings of our souls as, he wills, according to the fervour of the author he may be interpreting. He received an unanimous encore, when, he played another movement from Old Father Bach's Sonatas, which was more exhilarating and soul stirring than the preceding pieces he played.

Signor Piatti played the Sonata in A major, with Piano accompaniments—Boccherini, a genial and melodious composition, one which enables the great violoncellist to exhibit his marvellous manipulation and wonderful facility of expression; the audience cheered him most heartily and would have hailed a repetition, but, the noble artist only appeared to bow his acknowledgement.

Madame Schumann the world renowned Pianist, played "Slumber Song" Schumann, and Polonaise—Chopin. The fair lady played her husbands lullaby with exquisite taste and lovely expression, her lovely phrasing and her most lovely touch rendered a charm to this exquisite piece of writing, which my pen is unable to express; the spirit of poetry sets her fingers in motion and her instrument discourses the celestial sweetness of the Queen who presides and illustrates the ideas of inspired composers; such was the case when she played in concert with Joachim and Piatti, Mendelssohn's grand Trio in C minor; this was the finale piece. Had Mendelssohn been present in person and played upon the feelings of these inspired artists, I verily believe that his superb conception could not have been more adequately rendered.

Miss Louisa Pyne was the vocalist and she sang with all the powers of her artistic skill—"Vedrai carino"—Don Giovanni—Mozart; "Rose softly blooming"—Spohr; and a Serenade by Gounod. A word of praise is due to Mr. Zerbini for the admirable taste he displayed in accompanying the several pieces on the Piano.—Truly yours, (my dear J. B.)

Jan. 21st. 1867.

THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

P.S. By your kind permission, to Thomas Noon Gadd.

PERGOLESE.

Patrician, in musical art;
 E thieral themes spring from his shrine;
 R eligious music imparts
 S orious feelings within our hearts;
 D h, rich in beauty and divine.
 L et St. Cecilia's imply their art;
 E noble his fame; let honours dart;
 S weet harmonies and love entwined,
 E nchant each soul to act their part.

(To Shirley Brooks, Esq.)

Edgeley, Jan. 21.

THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

TO PROFESSOR W. STERNDAL BENNETT.

SIR—It is not an historical-analytical description of the musical doing in Leipzig which I am going to give to the readers of the London world but a simple sketch of it, only to show how far advanced from our large Metropolis is, in musical matter, this comparatively small town: Leipzig although no more the very first in Europe, as it was during many years under the autocratic sceptre of Mendelssohn and Schumann, possess still so many musical capacities of a very high order, as well as a great quantity of musical institutions and Societies which make it even now one of the most important and interesting musical place in the civilized world. The conservatoire founded on the 2nd of April 1843, under the direct patronage of the King of Saxony, possess its own house, and since a few years has got a new Small Concert room for the pupils' private soirées, the *Musikalische Abendunterhaltung*. The best productive branches of this celebrated establishment are Composition and counterpoint, (Hauptmann) Violin, (David) and Pianoforte (Moscheles and Reinecke). The vocal department is quite null. The director and administrator of it is Herr Conrad Schleinitz, a lawyer, great amateur and first rate singer, (tenor) who during great many years has dedicated his time, intelligence, and money to the prosperity of the establishment. Since this winter only (1866-67) a Dr. philo. *Oscar Paul* has been appointed professor of music at the university of Leipzig. Till now there were only musical lecturers not belonging to the university. One of them, a remarkable man, was the Dr. Philo. *Gottfried Wilhelm Fink*, redacteur of the *Allgemeinen-musikalischenzeitung* who died on 1846. Presently, out of Dr. Paul, the Dr. Philos. (honoris causa) *Hermann Langer*, director of the *Pauliner Gesang Verein*, is the only one authorized to give public lectures on music at the university, Dr. Paul being a man of a very high order as a Philosopher as well as a musical-historiographer, and being yet little known because very young, I think a biographical notice of him may prove interesting to the musical world. *Oscar Paul* was born on 1836, in a small town, *Freiwalddau* in Silesia, where his father was clergyman at the time. After having made his first studies at the best School of Görlitz, he went to the University of Leipzig to learn the theology. He had a

great disposition for music, but was compelled to interrupt the study of it having nearly lost his hearing when 16 years old. After a long treatment under Professor Dr. Theodor Weber, a celebrated anatomist and Philologist, Paul recovered completely. From this moment he left the theology by side and begun to learn music with all the strength of his ardent soul. On 1860, after going through the regular examination, he was received as Doctor Philoso. and *Artium Magister*, and on 1866 having published his highly interesting philosophical-musical work, —*Die absolute Harmonik der Griechen*—(Leipzig by Alfred Dörfel) he was appointed professor of music at the university of Leipzig. In the said work Professor Paul established for the first time, quite clearly, the denominations of the tones and dynamics sounds, principally on the system of tonality admitted by Claudius Ptolemaeus. Paul enjoyed already a great reputation in Germany as musical correspondent of the *Niedererrheinischer Musik Zeitung*, of the *Leipziger Zeitung*, and the *Recessionen* of Vienna. In this last paper I remember that a few years ago, the following communications from his pen, produced a great sensation—*Shakespeare as Musiker*—showing the opinion of the great poet on music. On—*Ambros geschicht*—attacking Ambros very sharply, principally upon his opinion about Grecian music. And upon—*Bellermanns Contrapunkt* Showing his great knowledge as well as the deficiency of the said author in the tonality of the 16th century on the authority of Calvin's opinion.

The private music teacher in Leipzig, according to the post office directory were 45. in number on 1865. Great many private music-schools are well frequented in Leipzig, but the very best are the two kept by Herren—*Sohann Zschocher* and *E. H. Kessler*, both for pianoforte tuition exclusively. An important resource for students is the public use of the musical branch of the *Stadtbibliothek* (town library) under the inspection of Herrn *Alfred Dörfel*. This rare musical collection is a present made to the town by Herr *Becker*, an organist now living quite retired on the country near Leipzig, where he (*procul negotiis*) works always on his archeological musical researches. The number of the volumes of the collection in question is as follow. 550 choral collections, 250 works from the 16th and 17th centuries, 1800 works from the 18th and 19th centuries, and 1500 works on music, total 3600 works. A precious treasure in this musical library is a manuscript—*Orgelbuch*—a collection of classic works for the organ, begun by S. Andreas Bach on 1754. The celebrated J. S. Bach wrote many pieces in to this book, which is minutely described in—Busby's History of Music—translated in to German by Ch. F. Michaelis (Leipzig 1822). A musical circulating library and a—*cabinet de lecture*—are kept by Herr Klemm, but the very best establishment of the kind not only in Leipzig but through Germany is the one of Herrn *Alfred Dörfel*, containing every description of ancient and modern music, and nearly every theoretical, historical, analytical, and philosophical work every written on music. This learned and modest gentleman, the same musical librarian of the—*Stadtbibliothek*—was an active and highly appreciated contributor of the—*Neuen Zeitschrift für Musik*—(a Leipzig music paper) from 1846 to 1849, protecting R. Schumann, whose superior musical capacities where at the time denied and contrasted by Mendelssohn's enthusiastic admirers. I have more to say on the subject, which I must defer saying till next week.—Yours very respectfully,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Cologne, 21st Jan.

TO DR. GGIBBLETT.

DEAR SIR,—The programme of Mr. Charles Halle's thirteenth concert Free Trade Hall, Manchester, was indeed excellent. Middle Tietjen increased the interest of this concert by her second appearance this season. The great event, however of the evening was the performance by the orchestra under Mr. Ch. Halle's potent baton, Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." The God of nature has surrounded man with music from his birth up to the time of his death; the earth plays a part in the grand orchestra of the spheres, and, though we cannot hear the sounds thereof, they, nevertheless, play in strict time for the harmonies of grand innumerable hosts of planets is visible to the eyes and understanding of men. Although the human ear cannot catch the music of the spheres, yet, grand brilliant orbs have excited the strong imaginations of human intellect, geniuses, who have laid the foundation of the sublime school of musical art, the painting of the soul; an academy from whence as emanated those grand tone-poems, those admired musical pictures enameled with all the marvellous beauties sound creates, and, which, play upon these human harps of ours and set our heart-strings in pleasing motion as the grand waves of sound flow above and around us. The opening Allegro of Beethoven's charming symphony is resplendent with pastoral sweetness, it revives pleasure only to be gathered while we observe the superb beauties of nature at that particular season of the year when the verdure of the fields and woods are lovely to gaze upon, when, to leave our homes to take an excursion in the country is to enter a fairy-paradise; how our eyes

dwell upon the picturesque landscape before us, joy after joy greets our astonished vision, while melody flows in our hearts and, our feelings are entwined with rapturous harmonies, as though our souls were rendering homage and praise to God. We are fascinated with the rural grandeur as we ramble through a fertile country; the rich foliage of the trees, the luxuriant beauties of the fields and groves, the gay and variegated colors of flowers added to the singing of birds; the tuneful zephyrs waft their Ariel wings through the branches laden with a rich perfume of blossoms, scattering their delightful odours with a pleasing scent and ravishing our ears with their endless variety of melodious phrases; now whispering in the distance, now stealing stealthily upon us with a swell that gushes by our ears and gradually fades away in the distance beyond us leaving an echo of enchantment in our bosoms to gratify our pleasing recollection. The Andante is a charm indeed that inspires the soul with love for the beautiful, it is the embodiment of peace, happiness smiles upon us as we listen to one of nature's concerts, the melodies of the feathered songsters chime with the golden-toned echoes of the rivulet which glides along over a stony bed in gladness dancing to the echoes of its own sweet ripples, by-and-by it flows over a softer bed when all becomes pensive and silent as though we had sailed into another world. Oh! who can describe these thrilling effects of the voice of nature like Beethoven has done. The very emotions which thrilled his bosom, by his art he transplanted them into the language of sounds and thousands of the human family yet unborn will listen with bewildered pleasure to this pastoral story:—

Listen! to the murmuring winds,
Floating through those stately trees,
Their ravishing melodies touch the heart,
And tune our emotions with their glee.
Hark! the crescendos loudly swell,
Listen! to the echos as they fade away,
See! the giant trees bend their boughs,
Rejoicing in their wild roundelay.
See! the leaves joyfully flutter,
Behold their rapture! Oh! what bliss;
Why the grass trembles with delight,
As the zephyrs its foliage kiss.
The limpid brook runs gaily on,
The winds sweep gently o'er the plain,
The feathered songsters chant their lays,
While the rippling echos ring again.

(To Shirley Brooks, Esq.)

The quaint jollity of the village dance is pictured by the Scherzo. It is a festival day and the village band has assembled in the meadow, young men and maidens old and young are gathered together, all are bent on enjoyment, they move through the figures of the dance with elastic step and exultant whirl, all are in motion and joyful hilarity crowns the festive scenes; but, hark! all eyes are turned, 'tis distant thunder! the clouds look black and are spreading their dismal mantle o'er the plains, the wind blows briskly, the lightning flashes—the thunder rolls—the rain descends from heaven in torrents—flash after flash of lightning flies in vivid hues, illuminating for the moment the wrathful elements; peal upon peal of thunder follows with terrific crash upon crash as though the firmament was rent asunder, the mighty rumble flies wildly over our heads and dies in anger on the far distant horizon; the rain ceases, the lightning becomes less glaring, the clouds draw after them their gloomy veil and the furious elements make their exit. The villagers return their heart felt thanks to Omnipotence for His Arm alone has protected them from the fearful storm; the sun shines again with all his brilliant lustre, the scene becomes devotional and animating and flows with love one towards another, all nature pours out again with joyful impulse the emotions of praise and thanksgiving. The band also played for the first time, "Adagio and Gavottes" (from Overture in D) S. Bach, these pieces are finely written and display great flow of melody and invention. If the rest of the overture is on par with this portion, it is worthy of resurrection. The Overtures were "La Clemenza di Tito"—Mozart, which is as gay as a marriage feast; "Le Siegfried de Corinth"—Rossini, a melodious and pleasing interlude; and, "Zampa"—Herold, a piece in various movements, wild, weird, and brilliant in character. Herr A. Petersen, a member of Ch. Halle's orchestra, played Spohrs Dramatic Violin Concerto in A, this gentleman, a native of Stockholm, is an ornament amongst violin virtuosos; his tones are pure and flowing, he is well up on the finger-board and, it is evident he has mastered the intricate movements of the wrist for he is most efficient in the dexterous art of expressive bowing. M. Lavigne, the celebrated Oboist, another powerful acquisition to Ch. Halle's orchestra played a solo with charming suavity. M. Lavigne is a perfect master of his instrument and whether as a soloist or an orchestral player, he always sustains his great reputation as an artist of the highest attainments. Mr. Ch. Halle played four pieces from memory, from Mendelssohn's

Songs without words in a manner that would have pleased their inspired author had he been present. Madlle. Tietjens, the Queen of Lyric Song, produced from her casket of musical gems two immortal jewels of song, extracted for the occasion from the classical coronet that adorns her fair brow, enameled with the precious rubies of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber and Cherubini:—the grand scena "Wie nahte mir dir Schlummer"—Der Freischütz, Weber; and "Crudel! ah no' mio bene!"—Don Giovanni, Mozart. She also sang in her very best manner an air with Flute-obligato—played by Mr. E. De Jong—from "Lucia di Lammermoor"—Donizetti. Truly yours, dear Dr. Ggibblett,

Stockport, Jan. 21st. 1867.

P.S. Could you (without inconvenience) loan me your copy of Onithoparcus? If not your copy of Gaffurius would do. I dont care a pill for Pietro Aron.—T. B. B.

OUR SERVICE MUSIC.

SIR,—In all discussions upon the character of our service music it is necessary to bear in mind that the purely artistic point of view is not the only one from which it should be regarded. In this respect it differs from all other, just as it differs in being a means to an end, and not the end itself. The music of the church has a higher object than that of illustrating art, or of gratifying cultivated tastes. It may do this, certainly, and with advantage, provided the higher object referred to be not lost sight of. But if attendant circumstances place art and the ultimate end of service music in antagonistic positions, there is no doubt that the duty of the former is to give way. What is the nature of that ultimate end I need not say, nor do I propose to defend it against those who hold that a congregation best performs its duty of praising God by listening to an elaborate musical display. Such enthusiasts are few in number, though there are very many who, against their better judgments, come practically to a similar conclusion. Generally speaking, church music is behind other departments of the art. The reason for this is no mystery to those who remember the depth of degradation from which, not long since, it was raised, and that, being essentially popular in its character, its progress must be uniform with the improvement of popular taste. Saying this, I leave out of sight that which, though it forms part of the service programme, is not service music at all,—artistic displays whereat the congregation are expected to assist by listening only, on pain of being considered by irate organists and choristers as "brawlers in church." What may be regarded as a representative performance of this order took place during the past year in the church of St. Andrew, Wells Street, of which a contemporary publishes a long report as ostentatiously critical as if it had to do with a thing offered for criticism, and not in worship of the Most High. Thus—

"The anthem from Cherubini used upon this occasion, 'O strengthen, Lord' (*Confirma hoc Deus*) is a fine old piece of workmanship by the Æschylus of music, and here again the men's voices of the choir came out with a force that was almost startling, and a disciplined vigour which gave the sensation of a charge of soldiery."

Further on we read that in a certain part of a Mass by Gounod—

"The romantic and the French, the almost theatrical, but the often intensely human and pathetic—"

which was adapted to the Anglican communion service—

"The organ falls into a softness which is stiller than silence itself, and presently, with a sweep of its lower and fuller-toned strings, enters the harp, showering its golden tone-drops over the sustained but suppressed diapasons of the organ, and sprinkling with its almost more than earthly chords the subdued but progressing voices of the choristers. In almost whispered harmonies these last describe the sacred mystery of the incarnation, falling off, one by one, as if from reverence, as they approach the solemn facts of the Passion, till at length, when, in a passage of almost agonized ejaculation, a single voice exclaims that *He was crucified*, and other single voices in turn reiterate the awful fact, it is a bold heart indeed that does not beat the faster, and a more than human nerve which does not tremble."

All this must have been as sensational as its description, and I have no doubt that the young men and women of the congregation went home talking gushingly of the performance. But I decline to acknowledge it as legitimate church music, preferring rather to see the latter exemplified in whatever will admit of the people taking part "with one heart and one voice." Those who join me in so doing will look for the progress of church music not in the advances made by professional choirs, but in the work done for the promotion of congregational singing among the people at large

All accounts agree as to the steady carrying on of this work during the past year by the indirect action of choral unions, and by the direct influence of classes for the cultivation of sacred song. I know it is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at all this, to talk of congregational "howlings," and to indulge in other cheap vituperation. But at the risk of being considered a renegade from the cause of "high art," I frankly confess that my sympathies go with those who, recognizing the duty of all to join in the service of song, do their utmost to confer upon all the ability requisite to perform that duty well. For this reason I trust that the new year will be even more distinguished than its predecessor by a genuine improvement in the character of legitimate church music.—Yours obediently,

To D. Peters, Esq.

T. B. M. S. S. T.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday Concerts, under the direction of Herr Manns, begin again this day. The programme is uncommonly attractive, including Schumann's first symphony (in B flat); Mr. A. S. Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam* (first time); Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto (in G), played by Madame Arabella Goddard; Auber's overture to *Zanetta*; and singing by Mdlle. Sinico.

SCHUBERT'S instrumental chamber music is becoming more and more the vogue. At the first Saturday afternoon of the Monday Popular Concerts (to-day), the pianoforte trio in B flat is to be played; and at the concert on Monday his pianoforte quintet in A.

EDINBURGH.—(From a correspondent).—The concert given by the Messrs. Edmunds, in the Hopetoun Rooms on Monday evening, attracted a large audience. The vocalists were Miss Eleanor Armstrong and Mr. Kuchler; the instrumentalists Messrs. Adolph Kuchler, Orosz, Rothfeld, and J. V. Bridgeman. Miss Armstrong, although labouring under cold and for whom an apology was made, sang like a thorough artist. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Arthur Edmunds, Mr. Kuchler, and Miss Armstrong sang in the *terzetto* from *Il Barbiere*, admirably. Mr. Edmunds, a favourite in Edinburgh, was warmly encored in "Ah! non aveva," and "Oft in the still night" (which he gave in lieu of it), was greatly admired. Mr. Edmunds was also obliged to repeat "Come back to Erin," later in the evening. Mr. Arthur Edmunds sang the barcarole from *Marino Faliero* and a song by Balfe (encored). Herr Adolph Kuchler played *Vieuxtemps' Réverie* for the violin in masterly style. His tone and execution were alike remarkable. His second performance was a *fantasia* on airs from *Il Trovatore*. M. Orosz's solo on the pianoforte, Liszt's *Rigoletto*, was also noticeable. One of the features of the concert was a performance, by Herren Kuchler and Rothfeld, of two movements, from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. Mr. Bridgeman accompanied the vocal music.

The second Philharmonic concert took place on Friday night, in the Music Hall, and presented more than the usual attractions. The solos, vocal and instrumental, were of great excellence, Madame Sinico being the vocalist and the violinist Herr Wilhelmj. Madame Sinico, who was introduced to us the Reid Commemoration Concert of last year, trained in the best school, has acquired all that cultivation can bestow on a naturally fine voice. Her selection consisted of airs by Weber, Bellini, Mozart, and Gounod. In the first three her sweet flexible voice was admirably brought out; but most charming of all was her singing of Gounod's serenade, which was rapturously encored. The great expectations formed as to the young violinist, Wilhelmj, were amply fulfilled. In listening to the full powerful tone of his instrument, we were reminded of the trumpet tone which an old Italian violinist is said to have possessed. Wilhelmj is only twenty-one years old, having been born in 1845 in Usingen, in Nassau. He made his first appearance in public when a boy of eight years. In 1861 he went to Weinmar to be examined by Liszt, who was so astonished and delighted with his talent that he at once took him to Ferdinand David, the celebrated violinist in Leipzig, introducing him as "a second Paganini." If he remained for some years, and then set out on his travels. On Friday night he played a concerto in D, by Paganini, abounding with the difficulties the old magician used to toy with,—and went through his arduous task with the greatest ease and certainty. In the performance of the *Élégie*, by Ernst, he evinced the possession of the higher qualities of a player with admirable taste and feeling. In answer to an encore, he gave another solo. The symphony was Beethoven's in B flat, the performance of which by the orchestra was very creditable. The overtures were Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, *The Nymphs of Sterndale Bennett*, and Weber's *Preciosa*. The third concert will take place on Friday evening, 8th February, when Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Signor Gustave Garcia will appear.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The inflexible severity of the weather was not potent enough to keep away the crowd from the first performance of Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, the colossus of choral music. Nor did it seem to exercise any prejudicial influence on the voices of the choristers, for very rarely have we heard the choruses, from one end to the other, given with more unvarying precision and effect. From the opening, where the children of Israel lament, in strains of touching pathos, the burdens inflicted on them by their cruel task-masters, to the end of the first part, where the chosen people, having achieved their miraculous exodus, combine their voices in a declaration of faith (Part I), and from "I will sing unto the Lord," and "The horse and his rider," with a repetition of which glorious hymn of thanksgiving the second part (*the Song of Moses*) triumphantly ends, there was scarcely anything else to be noted than singing of the highest class. The twelve choruses recounting the plagues by means of which God delivers His people from their enemies—with the single interruption of the air describing the pest of frogs (delivered with admirable emphasis by Madame Sinton-Dolby), following immediately one upon the other—seemed in no way to disconcert or fatigue the singers. And this notwithstanding the fact that, in accordance with traditional custom, the prodigious chorus, "He gave them hailstones for rain"—prodigious as an instance of with what simple means Handel could produce an overwhelming effect—was encored and repeated. Here and there—as in "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," and "Thy right hand, O Lord"—there was a little unsteadiness; and here and there—as in "The people shall hear and be afraid"—a slight wavering of intonation; but, on the other hand, the intonation in the sublime choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness," was faultless; while on no occasion do we remember "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies"—one of the most difficult of the double choruses—given with such well-sustained precision from the first bar to the last. "And with the blast of Thy nostrils" too—with one exception ("The people shall hear") the most intricate and trying of them all—was among the most uniformly excellent performances. The fugued choruses—such as "Egypt was glad," &c.—were invariably happy; and perhaps happiest of all was "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them like stubble," also the most masterly and impressive. It is unnecessary to add another word to this general and well-merited eulogy.

The solo-singers were equally fortunate. All were, as the phrase is, "in good voice;" and all sang their best. Miss Banks, to whom was allotted the chief part of the *soprano* music, produced a favourable impression in the air, unique of its kind, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," the ground bass accompaniment to which is almost as remarkable a feature as the beautiful melody which it enriches and supports. The second *soprano* part was intrusted to Miss Robertine Henderson, who, nevertheless, had first-class duty to fulfil in the recitatives of Miriam the Prophetess, which so imposingly usher in the chorus that brings the oratorio to an end. In these Miss Henderson acquitted herself in a manner entitling her to unqualified praise. Madame Sinton-Dolby (contralto), besides the graphic narration of the plague of frogs already referred to, had the beautiful air, "Thou shalt bring them in," assigned to her, and sang it in a style as nearly approaching perfection as could well be imagined. The three duets—"The Lord is my strength," for two sopranos; "Thou in Thy mercy," for contralto and tenor; and "The Lord is a man of war," for two basses—were all extremely well given—the first by Misses Banks and Robertine Henderson, the second by Madame Sinton and Mr. Montem Smith, the last by Mr. Weiss and Signor Foli. "The Lord is a man of war," the most effective duet of its kind ever composed (and one of the longest) was declaimed with such energy and good will by the English bass and his young American compeer that the usual boisterous "encore" was the result, and a repetition of the whole was the consequence. But the most unanimous "encore" of the evening was appropriately awarded to what was also the finest vocal display—the great air, "The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake.'" Into his delivery of this Mr. Sims Reeves threw such emphasis, fire, and animation as to take his hearers by surprise. It was a *memento* of the Handel Festival—at each of the four anniversaries of which in the Crystal Palace "The enemy said" has been an incident apart. On not one of these occasions—even the Festival of 1867, memorable above the rest on account of its then absolute novelty—has Mr. Reeves sung this wonderful air with more extraordinary success. The first few notes were a faithful augury of what was to come; and as the air went on, growing more and more impressive phrase after phrase, the enthusiasm of the singer seemed to increase with his task, until the splendid climax, splendidly attained, transported the audience beyond measure, and the applause burst forth from every part of the crowded hall, including the orchestra, from top to base. So profound was the sensation created by this magnificent piece of declamatory singing that Mr. Costa had twice to stop the band before the oratorio could proceed—Mr. Reeves respectfully but persistently declining to repeat the air, therein setting an example which we should be glad to see generally followed. The beautiful song which comes

next is of a character so utterly opposed to the other—a calm after a storm—that it has no chance of being listened to with becoming attention if the audience are twice excited to the highest pitch by such a musical illustration of the fury of Pharaoh and his host as Handel has set forth in "The enemy said." The grand chain of choruses narrating the miraculous plagues, in Part I., is materially damaged in effect by the "encore" invariably accepted for "He gave them hailstones," and the equilibrium of Part II. is sensibly shaken by the repetition of the duet, "The Lord is a man of war." If Mr. Reeves would persist in always declining to repeat "The enemy said," in all probability the other two instances—and especially that of the duet, two performances of which take up a longer period of time than almost any three of the choruses—might eventually be also disregarded. While little would be lost by this, much would be gained; for nothing so materially weakens the general effect of a long and serious work like an oratorio as the repetition of certain particular portions of it, which are seldom, if ever, the most important. Only an artist in the position of Mr. Reeves can promote the hoped-for result by his example; and after all, what at first sight may appear on his part an act of self-denial, and to his hearers, perhaps, savour of ungraciousness, will in the end only redound to his credit; while to those who go to hear Handel's sacred music reverentially, and not for the sake of admiring and applauding any particular singer, it cannot be otherwise than an advantage which in good time must be very generally acknowledged. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was never more thoroughly enjoyed than on one occasion at Her Majesty's Theatre, when scarcely a piece was encored; and we are quite certain that *Israel in Egypt* would be doubly enjoyable if, like *The Messiah*, it were allowed to proceed from one end to the other without interruption. Thanks to Mr. Costa, we have at last got rid of the "encore" to the unaccompanied trio in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. It is equally in his power to go straight on from "He gave them hailstones for rain" to "He sent a thick darkness over the land;" from "The Lord is a man of war" (the repetition of which is an absolute nuisance) to the chorus, "The depths have covered them;" and from "The enemy said" to "Thou didst blow"—without paying attention to the unreasonable wishes of a part of the audience. The singers themselves would naturally be on his side, and the absurd custom of encoring (in Exeter Hall, at any rate) would sooner or later become obsolete. "Valet mutare" . . . Costa.

Judas Maccabæus is announced for Friday, February 1st.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A "ballad concert," of great interest to those who are fond of ballads, repeated one after another as if to perpetuity, was given yesterday evening (16th inst.) at St. James's Hall. We cannot say that the entertainment altogether pleased us; nevertheless it presented some agreeable features. To begin—Madame Arabella Goddard, whose singing on the piano is not likely to be rivalled by any vocalist, took part in a duet with M. Sain-ton, and afterwards performed Thalberg's admirable fantasia (a model of the kind) on airs from *La Muette di Portici*. This, we need scarcely say, was thoroughly charming. M. Sain-ton, too, played in his usual admirable manner his so-called "rondo-mazurka," which has less resemblance to a mazurka than most pieces so styled. As for the singing, what more need we say than that ballad after ballad was given by Mdme. Sain-ton-Dolby, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Banks, Mr. Weiss, Mr. George Perren, and other artists too numerous to mention? The only novelty of the evening was a ballad by Miss Elizabeth Philp, to whose interesting vocal compositions we have more than once had the pleasure of calling attention. Miss Philp's song, entitled "When all the world is young" (words by that energetic poet, Mr. Charles Kingsley), is one of the very happiest of this lady's numerous productions. It was very much liked by the audience, and, thanks no doubt in a great measure to Mdme. Sain-ton-Dolby's spirited execution, was immensely applauded. Miss Banks sang the truly exquisite "Bailiff's daughter of Islington" as well as it need be sung (as well as we have heard Miss Banks sing other ballads of less merit and beauty); and most of the other vocalists—including an excellent choir of little boys under the direction of Mr. Fielding—exerted themselves in a creditable fashion. Herr Meyer Lütz conducted.—*Morning Post*, Jan. 17.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The opening *conversations* at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, on Thursday evening, was attended by a large audience. Mr. Edouard Schubert to whom the Society owes its existence, and to whose energy and perseverance its success is mainly due, opened the proceedings with an address to the subscribers and visitors,

in which he explained his views with regard to its future proceedings. He said:—"Three objects we have principally in view: the first is the introduction of both vocal and instrumental composition from the modern romantic school, as Schumann, Spohr, and several Schuberts. Others, who although not so well known in England as on the Continent, are nevertheless highly prized on account of their great genius. The second is the introduction of young artists of talent, by means of our *soirées musicales*. The third object is the amusement and instruction of those members desirous of practising vocal, solo, and part-music; and we also intend, by request of several members, giving our earliest consideration to the establishment of a club for the private performance of operettas, farces, and, I need only add, that no effort will be spared to render the proceedings of the Society as agreeable and instructive as possible." Mr. Schubert's address was received with every mark of approval, and a large number of subscribers joined the society. During the evening several artists and amateurs sang and played various pieces. Among the vocal performers were Miss Barry Eldon, Miss Adelaide Bliss, and Signor Agretti; among the instrumental, Miss Clinton Fynes, who played in conjunction with Monsieur Vivien (a violinist new to London), and Herr Schubert, Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, and Miss Helen Bliss, who introduced a brilliant fantasia by Liszt. A little girl of eight years, Miss Kate Flora Heilbron, also played (remarkably) one of Beethoven's sonatas. The evening was a pleasant one, and augured well for the future of the "Schubert Society."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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